

## WHAT IT MEANS.

It must be cheering to the Democracy to read the returns that come in from Ohio, and more especially to the hide-bound wing of the party that believe because a man is a Democrat he can do no sin.

The result of this election is an interesting study, and should be a warning to the Southern Democracy that the people of the North will not tolerate such barbarities as the Hamburg and Yazoo affairs, and as long as the South is made and kept solid by such cold-blooded murders, just so long will they be met and defeated by a solid North.

There is still another lesson taught by this election, and it should not be passed by in silence. The Republicans had inscribed upon their banner "Honest money and an honest government," while the party of Jefferson and Madison had lost from their time-honored mottos of hard money and had taken passage in the inflated balloon. It was easy from the start to predict the result. The country is not yet ready for an unlimited issue of greenbacks and consequent bankruptcy, and it did not take the honest portion of the Ohio Democracy long to collapse that gaudy balloon.

Then their candidate was not such an one as should have been chosen to bear the standard of the party in a hot campaign. To an honest Missourian the name of Erving is synonymous of all that is dirty, impure and ungentlemanly, and it will take long as time can efface from their memories the suffering and anguish of their wives and children that was caused by the famous "Order No. 11," of this gentleman, while in command of the Army of the Missouri; and many there are, good and pure and honest and life-long Democrats, who, when they went to their devotion last night, thanked God that the man who well nigh starved their families was not elected to rule over the people of Ohio.

While we do not, and cannot rejoice with Foster in his election, still we have no tears to shed over Mr. Erving's defeat, and certainly we can and do rejoice that honest money and a pure ballot have come out victorious, and the fools of the Democratic party sent to the rear. It is safe to say that the party nominated a man sound on the currency, and the last Congress been composed of sensible men—men who were willing to lay aside their personal feelings for the benefit of the whole country, and let the army, the money, the laws and the President alone, the result in Ohio would have been different, and the eagle of Democracy to-day would be soaring victorious into the heavens.

Tommy up: The Ohio election means simply an honest currency and better men; no dilly-dallying with the President, and an army sufficient to protect the country; no murders for political offense and an honest ballot-box. This is all that can be made out of it, and certainly no Missourian will shed tears because such things were victorious in the Ohio election.

Letters addressed to lottery company officers have been declared unlawful by a decision of the Assistant Attorney-General of the Post-office Department. There are nearly 100 of these "Golden-Fortune" institutions that continually use the mails for the prosecution of their schemes. A very weighty preponderance of popular opinion has pronounced itself against lotteries. The general Government and most of the State have declared them to be unlawful. Therefore every agency and influence looking to their suppression may only be commended. Yet this evil will continue to exist until the spirit of speculation in the hearts of men is extinguished. There will always be victims for every plausible humbug.

Miss Mary A. H. Gay, a Georgia lady, complains that Mark Twain has been making liberal use of the contents of a book published by herself in 1858, under the title of "Prose and Poetry" in the preparation of his own "Tom Sawyer." To make good her charge she is about to bring out a new edition of her book.

A Miss Whitten, now at Damariscotta, Me., has probably the longest hair of any woman in the world. It is eight feet long, and when dressed in a French twist it passes six times around her head. The growth is perfectly natural.

Russia has more sheep than any other country in Europe, but of late the number has declined, and more land is being put under grain crops, and hence a decline in wool exports.

"That fellow, you know, who is drawing my salary." In this way the Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, in a recent speech at Toledo, designated the Hon. William A. Wheeler.

It is claimed that more than fifty per cent of this year's cotton crop in Mississippi was produced by white labor.

## THE WIFE'S LESSON.

Myra was coming. Breakfast was over, but Ernest still kept his seat, looking at her with the cross look of a thwarted child.

"Then you won't give me the dress?" she said.

"I can't, Myra. I really could not do it without running into debt."

"That's just an excuse. Papa always let me have the money for my clothes, even if he was cross about some other things."

"Your father was a rich man, Myra, when we were married."

"I wish he were rich now. I'd ask him for the money. I never thought you would be stingy. This last thrust was too much for the long-enduring temper. Ernest Mather's voice was very stern as he answered:

"I am not stingy, Myra. You know that I was a poor man when you married me, and that I could not give you the luxuries of your old home; but I have granted you every indulgence in my power without getting into debt. That I will not do."

He left her then, lingering in the hall, as he put on his overcoat, hoping that she would come for a kiss and a word of reconciliation.

But she sat tapping her little foot upon the floor until the hall door closed, and then ran to her room.

She was a spoiled child, the only daughter of a man who had been very wealthy, but who had hazarded his money in an unfortunate speculation and lost it. A position abroad was offered him, which he accepted, and he gave his daughter for a wedding gift, were settled upon herself and not affected by his change of fortune.

He knew Ernest Mather to be an honorable man, who had a good business capacity and a high place in the esteem and confidence of his employers, and he felt no anxiety about Myra's fortune. So the little wife, as she made her pretty blue eyes all red with tears of temper, had no sensible mother to tell her how wrongly she was acting. Under these circumstances the tears were soon dried and Mrs. Mather went out for a walk.

"It's no harm to look at that dress again, even if I can't buy it," she said.

In Myra's dainty portmanteau there was money enough to purchase a number of nice little parcels, even though the price of the expensive dress was denied her. So the morning slipped away, and luncheon time found her chatting away with Julia Maxwell, and quite willing to accompany that friend upon a second tour in the afternoon.

It was after five o'clock when the little matron reached her pretty home. Her first shock was catching a glimpse of Ernest's maid, Miss Cordelia, seated upon the sofa.

"Old horror!" she muttered. "I wish she was at home. I want to make it up with Ernest. I don't like the dress half as much as I did yesterday."

The second shock met her upon opening the door of her bedroom. Open boxes, closets, drawers, an air of general confusion everywhere, and the small trunk Ernest always took upon his short business trips, all together. Clearly her husband had been packed up and gone, leaving Aunt Cordelia, as usual, to keep Myra company.

But where was he?

Upon the dressing table was a note directed to herself, and Mrs. Mather tore it open.

Not a loving address to herself; merely this:

"I have waited for your return as long as possible, and write this to explain my absence. I told you six months ago of Mr. Agnew's offer to me, if I would accept the position of traveling salesman to the house—double my present salary, and a liberal commission. I declined it then, because you said the money would never compensate you for the constant separation. To-day the offer is renewed. After our conversation this morning, I think your old objection will hardly have any weight; so I have accepted, and leave in an hour. I will write you every month, including remittances. I leave the accompanying bank-note for the dress you desired. I have sent for Aunt Cordelia, as usual, to stay with you."

"ERNEST MATHER."

Not a loving word, not a regret for the long separation.

Myra realized then how considerate and loving her husband had been.

Great tears rolled down her cheeks as she bitterly reproached herself.

"I have made him believe that I don't care for anything but money," she thought.

It was not an easy task to go to dinner and meet Aunt Cordelia, but it must be done.

The days passed very wearily.

Aunt Cordelia preached daily sermons to Myra about extravagance, and various other feminine weaknesses, but the poor little woman, who wished she was as homely and ill-clad as the temptress herself.

And Myra grew to hate the words, in the long months of her enforced companionship. For Ernest did not return. Spring, summer, autumn passed away, and December was opening, but still he did not come. Every month a formal letter reached Myra, enclosing a check for her expenses of such liberal value as proved Ernest was making money; but each one informed her that her husband was just leaving the place from which he wrote, and made no mention of his next destination.

Heart-sick, penitent and oh! so lonely, the little wife spent only what was necessary for the house, and fairly longed for the sight of the money that was accumulating in her hands. Letter after letter she wrote, and destroyed, not knowing where to direct them.

She was growing so pale and worn that Aunt Cordelia's most helpful speeches went often unanswered.

She was sitting in the drawing-room one cold December morning when Mr. Agnew, Ernest's employer, came in.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Mather," he said; "but I wish to

inquire if you have heard from Ernest this week.

"Not since the first," she replied.

"He wrote us on the fifth that he would remain in Cumberland until the first of the year, and was to send some papers on the seventh. These have not come, and we are embarrassed for want of them. I telegraphed yesterday, but have no reply. However, if you have not heard he is ill, he is probably better."

"He is ill?" she asked.

"Well, I judged from his last that he had not fully recovered from the fever that he had had, although he resumed his business."

"I'll be sick at a hotel, and he won't stay!"

All the love in the little woman's heart rose in protest. She motioned Aunt Cordelia by dashing into that lady's room, crying:

"Take care of the house! I'm going to Cumberland!" and dashed out again as abruptly.

The afternoon found her seated in an express train, rushing to Ernest as fast as steam could carry her.

In a while, pleasant roads, Ernest Mather lay upon his bed dangerously ill.

He had been for months trying to quiet his sick, restless heart by overworking his body.

He made money fast, supplying Myra with a liberal hand and yet saving considerably. For what? Bitterly he thought that when he was a very rich man he would go home again, and try to make Myra content.

Work, work, work! That was the medicine for his mental pain, till the overworked brain gave way, and he lay ill with fever for two weeks. He again before his strength was half restored, and now the relapse had prostrated him, and he lay suffering and apparently dying, too ill to send for Myra, too ill to give directions.

Another winter's day, when a vehicle drove up to the door of the hotel, and Ernest heard the bustle of the newly arrived travelers.

He was vaguely wondering if any friend would come to him, when the door of his room opened very softly, and he heard the waiter say:

"Mr. Mather is here."

A soft rustle followed, and then two cold hands fell upon his hot forehead; tears and kisses followed, and Myra was sobbing:

"Oh, Ernest, darling! thank God I have found you! Oh, dear, forgive me!"

He was too sick to talk much, but he made his wife fully understand his business, and then sank off to sleep, in the sweet consciousness that love had come to him, a nurse and a comforter.

It was a long, tedious illness, but in the years that followed it Ernest and Myra looked back upon it as the beginning of their true happiness.

Grant's Former Vocation at a Billiard Saloon in San Francisco.

Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.

Washington, September 29.—The splendor of Gen. Grant's reception in California need recall to us, who are now living in San Francisco, the humble position which he occupied there less than a quarter of a century ago.

Five years ago I was visiting the family of a retired army officer. They had purchased a farm near Quakertown, Pennsylvania, not far from the farm owned by Fichter, the actor. We frequently in our drives caught sight of the actor and Lizzie Price, and the neighborly feeling was full of stories in regard to Fichter's conduct. After returning from our drive and taking supper we would gather around the center-table in the parlor and chat about many things. Often the conversation turned on President and Mrs. Grant. The now retired General had been Grant's senior officer and his wife was one of Mrs. Grant's bridesmaids. The friendship between the four had been of long standing.

It was shown the original articles of copartnership between the General and Grant when they opened a billiard saloon in San Francisco. The General held an inferior rank at the time and Grant, to avoid being cashiered for habitual intemperance, had resigned his Captaincy in the army. The General furnished the money to open the humble saloon.

GRANT KEPT "THE TALLY."

But the profits did not justify the keeping of the billiard saloon, and the place was given up, Grant falling back upon his father-in-law's farm near St. Louis, where his wife and son resided. He made himself useful to old Mr. Dent by driving to town on the loads of wood which he took to market for sale. And now, behold the spectacle of a man who failed to keep a successful billiard saloon receiving the honors of the great potentate and the most celebrated hero of the age! Strange are the mutations of fortune. From the time of Moses, when he came down from the mount and found that the children of Israel had made themselves a golden calf and worshipped it in place of the true God, who had so often manifested Himself to them, until the present time, has this species of idolatry flourished. We are no wiser to-day than the foolish Israelites were thousands of years ago. The glitter of gold still dazzles, and we are prone to invest the most solid, most inanimate objects with godlike attributes. Most of the world's idols are the most commonest of clay, and as Balaam's ass said, every man makes his own God or worships the image of his own creation. This creation is honest and noble, according to the manner of man of the invention. He makes it as nearly like himself as possible, or rather endows it with his own personality.

—Hop Bitters strengthens, builds up and cures constipation, from the first dose.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the various ailments of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., will send a receipt that will cure you FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Linn, Station D, New York City.

For Sale Cheap.

A set of fine bedroom furniture. Apply to Mrs. Dr. Clark, Ohio street.

## UP IN A BALLOON.

A New York Sun Reporter's Account of a Trip He Made.

The writer made two ascensions with Donaldson—the last being Donaldson's one hundred and eighth, in the balloon that sailed out over Lake Michigan a few weeks later with Donaldson and Grimwood in the basket—and the writer would rather trust his life to Donaldson's "recklessness" than to the caution of any other man he ever knew.

There seemed to be no constant or incidental peril that the ascension had not in mind and was not prepared for so far as there could be any preparation. That Donaldson used to hang by one foot from a bar along under a balloon a mile from the earth does not prove that he was reckless. It proves his confidence in himself. A fall of a hundred feet would have been as surely fatal as a fall of a mile. His position was not less safe than that of a man who walks a rope a hundred feet from the ground. It was almost as safe as that of the schoolboy who hangs by his foot from the horizontal bar in the school yard.

The bar to which he hung was sturdier than if it had been held between piers of masonry with foundations deep in the earth. There was not even the slight disturbance of a draft of air, such as is drawn through the open windows of a gymnasium. Let him shift his eyes, and the sensation would have been that of absolute freedom.

Donaldson's last acts before giving the word to let go the ropes were to thoroughly examine every part of the balloon. He tested every knot in the ropes that held the basket and the globe to the ring. He looked carefully to the netting. He saw that the valve rope was free and within reach; that the drag rope was properly fastened to the iron ring; that the anchor rope was coiled beneath the basket, and the coil caught up with the dangle of the anchor from the basket would break and let the heavy rope fall free. While making these examinations he saw nothing else and heard no questions. Then, with a glance up the airy incline where the balloon was about to rise, he gave the word, "Let her go!" The falling of the earth beneath him and the many strange sensations incident to a rapid ascent through the air did not claim any part of his attention. Like a point in a difficult channel, he was looking to his ship and where it was going.

When he was out in the open atmosphere, with nothing but air with him in a mile of his craft, he stretched himself on the little hard deck of woven wire, laughed gayly, and for the first time since quitting the earth, spoke except to command. So long as the ship floated high above all shoals, the pilot was jolly and apparently carefree, except that he kept an eye on the barometer, lest he should rise to a height where the strain on the globe would become dangerous; but when the shadow of the balloon came close under the basket, indicating that the air ship was falling, he was all caution, all anxiety again.

Our drag rope was 300 feet long, and we were running near the earth—not more than 275 feet above it. A railroad freight train came along running nearly at right angles to our course. A handful of sand was dropped to cause the drag rope to clear the train. It was not enough; the rope trailed along the sides of the cars. The men on the train did not see the balloon, nor hear the shouts from the air. "I am afraid some poor fellow will be brushed off," said Donaldson. The rope swung between two cars. The slack was caught up, and the lower end of the rope began to move with the train. It was drawn taut, and the balloon struggled as it was hauled out of its course, towed by the locomotive. Half a mile ahead was an arched bridge of masonry over the railroad. The train hands had not seen the balloon. "Cut the drag rope!" cried the men in the basket. Donaldson was silent and motionless on his wire deck above. Half the distance to the arch bridge was passed, and the train was rushing on. The balloon struggled; the rope slipped perilously from its fastening between the cars; there was another struggle and the end of the rope came loose, with a snap like that of a whip lash. The balloon righted and sailed on its old course.

We glanced up at Donaldson. He was kneeling on his wire deck, grasping the handles of a stout shears, the jaws of which were shut on the drag rope. He had not spoken. We asked him why he had not cut the rope. "It weighs more than three of us," he quietly replied, "and if that weight had been suddenly dropped we would have sailed up past the little stars until she burst, for the valve wouldn't have let out the gas fast enough."

"What would you have done if the rope hadn't got loose from the train?"

"Cut it at the last moment and pull out of the rip cord. We would then have had a ride of two hundred feet in a parachute made of burned gas bag."

"Why were you afraid to let her go up?" other balloons have risen to great heights."

"Four hours ago I sewed up a rip in the gas bag that you might have driven a yoke of oxen through."

Four men witnessed Donaldson's coolness on this occasion, and every one of them believes that he was one of the coolest men in danger that ever lived.

It was pitch dark when the balloon came to a standstill in what appeared to be a clump of bushes. One of the men began climbing over the edge of the basket, saying that he would get out and hold on to the ropes while the others alighted. "Be careful where you put your foot," said Donaldson. The man looked down into the bushes and found that the basket was hooked on the uppermost limbs of a tall elm tree, fifty feet or so from the ground.

"One of my greatest anxieties," Donaldson said, "is lest somebody step out of the basket when fifty or sixty feet from the ground. They seem to think they have landed when they have come down to that altitude from a mile and a half."

There is something of romance in the story at Donaldson's feet. He had engaged to be married to one of the girls that drove Erasmus's chariot. She was modest in demeanor, intelli-

gent, and rather pretty. Sometimes she made ascensions with Donaldson. When she was not going he used to be missing for fifteen minutes just before making his final preparations for ascending, and the others used to joke him on the time required to bid his girl good-bye. The answer girl murmured deeply for him when he did not come back from his last air voyage. All of the show people sympathized with her, for they said she was a good girl, and there was a story about her having to support a poor old mother. When Donaldson was given up for lost it was said that she had gone into a convent. But she did better than that; she dried her tears after she had wept long and sincerely for her lover, and she let the chariot rein to clasp hands with another at the bridal altar.

A word in regard to the manner in which Donaldson and Grimwood died. The balloon was last seen skimming over the waves of Lake Michigan by the men in the boat Little Guide. It was dark. The boat put toward the balloon. The air ship suddenly arose and was swept away. The Little Guide went on her course. Grimwood's body was found on the lake shore, with a burst like a peevish man. Donaldson's was not found. What made the balloon rise? Nothing but a lightning of its cargo. The men had doubtless already thrown out everything but themselves. Donaldson would not have jumped from the basket when he saw the boat near. Suppose that Grimwood did? The balloon would have arisen, and Donaldson would have been whirled away in the tempest. On striking the water Grimwood's life preserver would have burst. The schooner's men would not have seen him in the darkness, but they would have seen the balloon rise and float away, and they would have gone on their course. Grimwood would have been drowned, and his body would have been cast up on the shore. Donaldson would have been blown across the lake into the impenetrable forest, and there he would have perished, if he lived to reach the ground.

A STRANGE STORY.

The Body of a Babe as Woolly as was that of Esau.

From the San Antonio (Texas) Express.

While wandering yesterday morning, a little girl observed something which she took to be a dog on top of the water and began to growl with a voice that drew the current. The child imparted the information of her discovery to her mother, who soon appeared upon the scene and discovered that the object was the body of a child. Without disturbing it, the woman at once took steps to inform the authorities, and Justice Shields, accompanied by Constables Bader and Anderson, and the Express reporter, repaired at once to the locality. Dr. Chew, acting County Physician, was found awaiting the arrival of the officers when the place where the body was found was reached. The body, as stated, drifted against a growth of vines, the face downward, the back exposed and bled to a dark color by the sun, while the sides were covered with worms. After the jury, consisting of J. J. Dyer, Peter Anderson, Peter Jones, H. J. Huppertz, D. M. Alexander and J. T. Reed, had been sworn, the body was carefully taken from the water and laid upon the bank of the ditch and examined. The body was about eighteen inches in length, and was that of a perfectly formed female child. It had evidently been destroyed immediately after its birth, the proof of this being unmistakable. It was observed, as the body was taken from the water, that the face, breast and legs were covered with something, which was thought to be mud, and a bucket was sent for to obtain water to wash the body with. As soon as water was poured upon it, however, it was discovered that the supposed mud or filth was coating of hair or fur, which, after being cleaned of the discolored matter, which it had gathered in the ditch, was found to be of a light gray or cream color. The turrexcessiveness on the cheeks and about the shoulders was fully a half inch in length, and resembled much the fur or hair of a young woolly dog. Dr. Chew stated that it was not uncommon for children at their birth to be spotted with hair, but he had never seen any instance similar to this. The hair, the doctor remarked, was shed soon after birth. The body was so decomposed that it was impossible to tell positively what nationality or race the child belonged to, though it was thought to be the offspring of white parents. Evidently the child was thrown into the ditch by its father, or some other cruel man. It was probably regarded by its parents as a monstrosity—a "strange freak of nature"—because of its being covered with a coat of fur like Esau of old. No post mortem examination was had, as was necessary, to prove from the state of the child's lungs whether it had been born still or alive.

The following verdict was rendered by the jury of inquest after hearing all the evidence it was possible to obtain:

"We, the jury, say that the said unknown child came to its death by drowning, at the hands of unknown parties, in the Alamo ditch, in the City of San Antonio, near the Railroad Depot, on or about the 16th day of September, 1879."

The Irish Land Renters' Meeting.

London, Oct. 16.—The meeting yesterday at Belfast, at which Parnell and Biggar spoke, was a home rule meeting, and under the auspices of the Ulster Home Government Association. There were no farmers or rent-payers present. A correspondent of the Times says: St. Mary's Hall, where the meeting was held, is reported to be completely packed, 9,000 persons, but unless they were packed like herrings in barrels it would not be its capacity to the utmost to afford space for more than half that number, and at no time during the evening was the place over-crowded.

YVES' BEARD LINIMENT.

Yves' Beard Liniment is a valuable remedy for all kinds of skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, and other eruptions. It is made from the best ingredients and is of proven efficacy. It is sold by all druggists and is highly recommended by the medical profession.

## CATARRH

OF THE BLADDER AND UTERUS, AND OF THE THROAT, ESPECIALLY TREATED WITH CATARRH'S MEDICAL GEL.

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